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*"What fools these Mortals be!"*

# Puck

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
PROPERTY

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THEY TAKE HIM FOR A COME-ON.

"Well, if this ain't Uncle Ted Roosevelt! How's all the folks at dear old Oyster Bay?"



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

MR. CLEVELAND's disapproval of the railroad crusade should be excellent food for Stand-Pat reflection. Mr. Cleveland is not so very old, and he won't be a great deal older in 1908.

"A RECESSION has set in," says James J. Hill. The audience will rise and sing Mr. Kipling's Recessional—"Lest we forget—lest we forget."

BARON DE DOBLHOFF, who painted Mr. Roosevelt's portrait, says that his distinguished subject is as active as a whirlwind and as restless as a grasshopper. Mr. Roosevelt is also as eruptive as a volcano, as lively as a cricket, as effervescent as a seidlitz powder, as busy as an ant, as impetuous as a cataract, as sudden as a boiler explosion, and a few other things. But what are you going to do about it?

THOMAS F. RYAN is not a muck-raker or a newspaper alarmist, or anything of that sort, yet Mr. Ryan thinks that "the stock tickers should be taken out of railroad offices." Puck is glad to have its opinion backed up by such excellent authority.

WHAT HAS become of the old-fashioned family that got all the water it used from a spring?—*Atchison Globe*.

They are still getting it from a spring—in gallon and five-gallon bottles.

THE ONLY fault that Mr. Ryan can find with the general business of the country is that it is too active. Yes; instead of leaking gas, the balloon seems to become more distended every day, and to soar higher and higher.

THE GOVERNMENT is requested to make the new gold pieces more artistic. It would please more of us if the art work were directed to the quarters and halves.

ANOTHER SUNDAY School teacher has robbed the bank which employed him—this time in the South. Just for novelty's sake, won't some bad man rob a bank? Come, now!

WHEN ONE considers how much trouble Mr. Mansfield has with members of his company, who must necessarily appear on the

stage every now and then, and must necessarily receive occasional applause, one wonders why our swell-headed actor does not go into the monologue business.

WE MAINTAIN that the word 'Art' inspires the conception of the power to so clothe Nature, or Nature's hand maidens, that the senses of the observers may be quickened into a full realization of the added importance bequeathed to the subjects so treated.—*The Cosmos Magazine*

What a lot of people there are in the world who think they think!

THE NOTION that a ship subsidy will enable the United States to control the trade of the Pacific is puerile, and has its origin in nothing else except the desire for special privilege which is now the curse of the country.

IT WILL be time enough to give women the ballot after they have emancipated themselves from the tyranny of the corset fabricators. A glance at some of the new atrocities makes a man want to go home and beat his foolish wife.



"COME ALONG, BIRDIE! LET'S FORGET POLITICS!"



PUCK

THE ARIZONA LID.

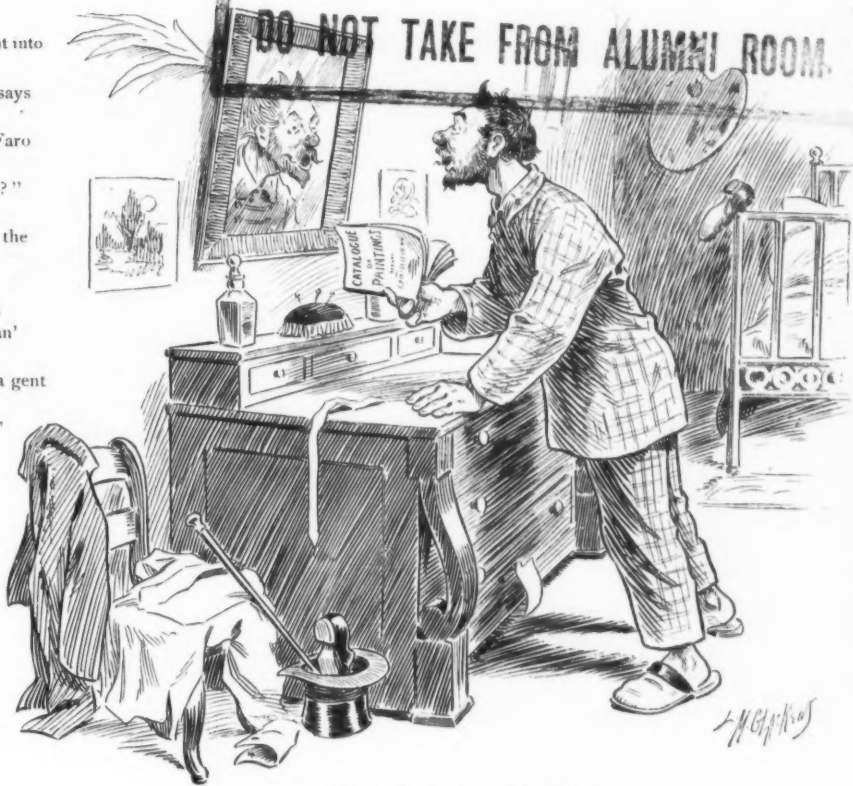
On April first, a law prohibiting gambling went into effect in Arizona.

"Why is the sheriff mouchin' 'round?" says Arizona Red.  
 "To close us up. To close us up," the Faro dealer said.  
 "Why don't you let me call the turn?" says Arizona Red.  
 "It's after twelve and April's here," the Faro dealer said.  
 "For Council's passed a measure an' Kibbey's signed the bill Which makes our road a rocky one, an' crooked and up hill, So I'm hikin' toward Nevada, where a gent can sport his fill, And I'll pull my freight for Goldfields in the mornin'."

"Why don't the croupier spin the ball?" says Arizona Red.  
 "He's up again' the statutes too," the Faro dealer said.  
 "What can I do with these here chips?" says Arizona Red.  
 "Why nothin', only cash 'em in," the Faro dealer said.  
 "For clear upon the bar-room wall the skiddoo sign is writ. It's Twenty-three, an' down an' out—the sports has got to git. And them that hasn't got a roll will have to hit the grit, So my ticket's bought for Goldfields in the mornin'."

"The crap and monte games are still," says Arizona Red.  
 "They've got to be. They've got to be," the Faro dealer said.  
 "They're packin' up the cards and dice," says Arizona Red.  
 "They'll come in handy 'cross the line," the Faro dealer said.  
 "But here the boys won't have no use for all their tools an' traps. It's 'gin the statute to deal bank or make a pass at craps; An' the sports have all got Arizony coppered on their maps. So it's me away for Goldfields in the mornin'."

"Well, certain, poker ain't cut out," says Arizona Red.  
 "As sure as threes will beat two pair," the Faro dealer said.  
 "Then what the devil can we do?" says Arizona Red.  
 "Go play old maid with Charley's Aunt," the Faro dealer said.  
 "You're up agin' the real thing now, the old-time games is done. And for your hard-earned money you'll never get a run; You'll have to take to solitaire and such like games, my son. So your Uncle for the Goldfields in the mornin'." A. M. Jr.



A NEXT-MORNING REFLECTION.

DISGRUNTLED ARTIST (whose picture was NOT accepted).—Whash show h-hash a real artist got, anyway, when a hangin' c-committee'll hang a rotten thing like that.

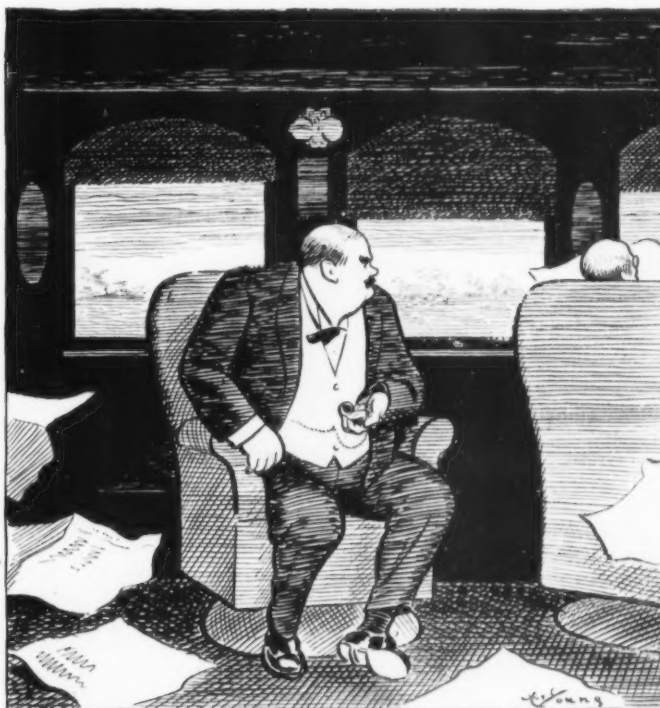
HIGHLY IMPROBABLE.

EDITOR.—I wish I knew what our lady readers want.  
 ASSISTANT.—Why don't you send out a circular letter and ask them?  
 EDITOR.—Great heavens, man, do you suppose *they* know?

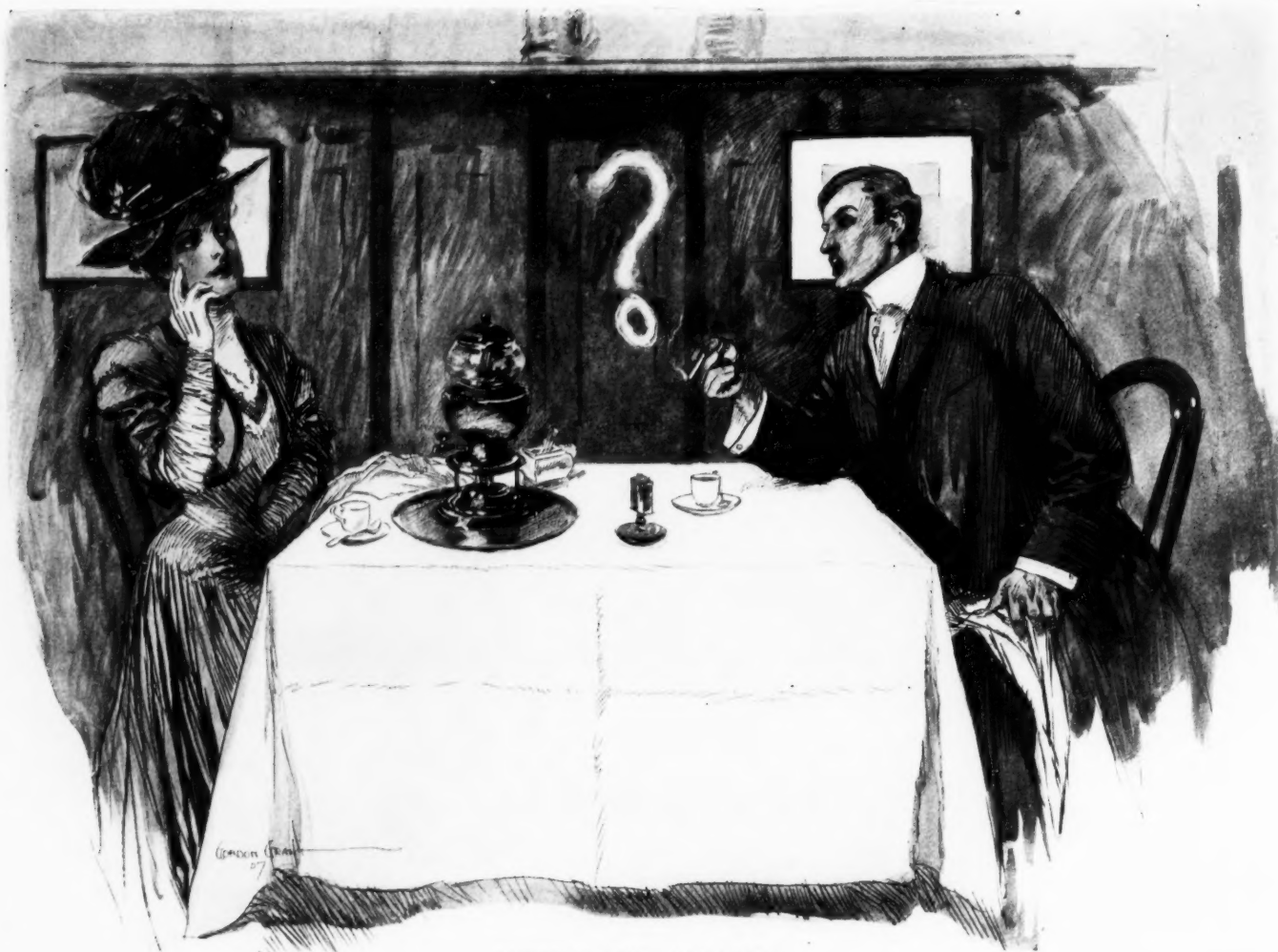


DOES ANYBODY KNOW THIS MAN?

INDIGNANT CITIZEN (with his evening paper).—Dear, oh, dear, more people killed in the wreck of a fast train. This speed madness is the greatest crime of our boasted civilization!



SAME MAN (on limited train).—Suffering Job, but this is slow moving! I'll bet we're not making over sixty miles an hour, and seven minutes late at that!



PUFFING THE QUESTION.

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG AUTHORS.



FOR THE young success-seeker there is no surer avenue to glory, fame and wealth than the winding path of literature. In these hustling times rotary presses are multiplying their gears and publications are springing up in the land faster than mushrooms in an old, dank cellar; and anyone who can sling the King's English with grace and abandon is certain to rake in the mazuma galore.

Young men should therefore not repine, or think no way is left to shine. If you can describe a buffalo hunt, write it up. If you know a first-class joke, write it up. Anything, provided you can do it better than anybody else, which isn't likely of course for all the other good fellows put together make a strong team to shove up against. But then, Benny, if you only write ordinary stuff you might as well call it off and get a job in a shipping room, marking cases.

But to those eager aspirants who are determined to win fame in the literary field, we say, do it up brown. First, don't write on snide stationery. There was a time when a poet could tear apart an old paper bag, write a sonnet on it, take it around to a grateful publisher and collect 2 £ 10 shillings, but those halcyon days are in the gloaming. The editor of 1907 won't stand for a story that is written on the clean side of an old beefsteak wrapper; he wants crisp, immaculate copy, so write nicely. Better yet, get a "mill," as the telegraphers call a typewriter. You can buy a second-hand one not too loose in the joints for thirty dollars, and pay for it a dollar down and the rest on the guess-again plan. Whatever you do, make clean copy and spell your words correctly, even foreign words. These latter the average reader seldom reads, but it's a game of

chance that he might, and if you spell *dinero* wrong some Spaniard is likely to write to the editor about it.

When submitting a manuscript always enclose sufficient postage. The editor is a pretty good fellow, but all editors object to carrying around a hip-pocket full of stamps; in hot weather they are apt to get sticky on the editorial package of fine-cut, and next to publishing a retraction an editor hates to chew postage stamps. Besides, it's a very expensive habit. Moreover, the editor would much sooner buy a fifteen cent drink for a man he knows, than dig down for postage for one whom he knows not from Noah. Provide yourself with plenty of stamps at the start. Say a yard and a quarter of two-cent ones, and ask the clerk to cut them on the bias.

If you write jokes, see that they are fresh ones. We knew of a young man who once embarked in the Jokesmith business;—but upon endeavoring to make good, he found that Artemas Ward, Bill Nye, Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby and forty-seven other by-goners had used up all the good material years ago. In his despair he came across an English paper that contained some very good jokes. Thinking the editor would not "get next," he copied the British *bon mots* and boldly sent them in as original stuff. The editor returned them saying that they were very good jokes indeed, but his paper had published them the year previous, as the writer could ascertain by referring to files.

When a manuscript is returned, be sure to look it over well. While it may simply



**O**ne man becomes a pessimist because a girl refused him, and another man develops the same tendency because she didn't.

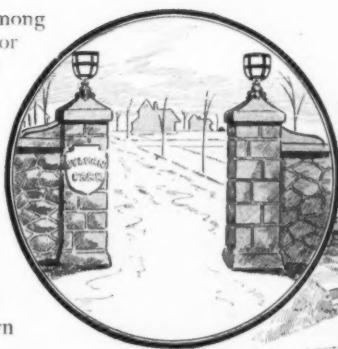


be a rejection, it also may contain, hidden among the leaves, a check for a future article the editor hopes you may write, or for a manuscript he did accept. As the slips in the straw say, "Examine Packing Carefully." Nothing gives an aspiring young author quite so acute a pain as to discover that an envelope contained a fat check, after he has chucked it into the stove under the erroneous impression that it was just a rejected story.

Always write upon one side of the paper only. The reason of this is as obvious as the requirement is imperative; the editor in case of acceptance can then use the other side for his own editorials.

Authorship is something like a conflagration; sometimes it is "set," and sometimes it is spontaneous, and the latter variety is best. Some men can gather unto themselves a whole atticful of reference books, encyclopedias, etc., and then can't write good enough stuff to be able to sell it to the rag-man for what the clean paper was worth. Another man, born with the gift of gab will come along, rescue an old, broken down typewriter from the junk pile, rivet up the loose action with a flat-iron and the stove-lifter, and with nothing in the way of a library but a worn pocket-atlas and an Old Farmer's Almanac for 1879, will sit down and polish up the King's English so you can see your face in it.

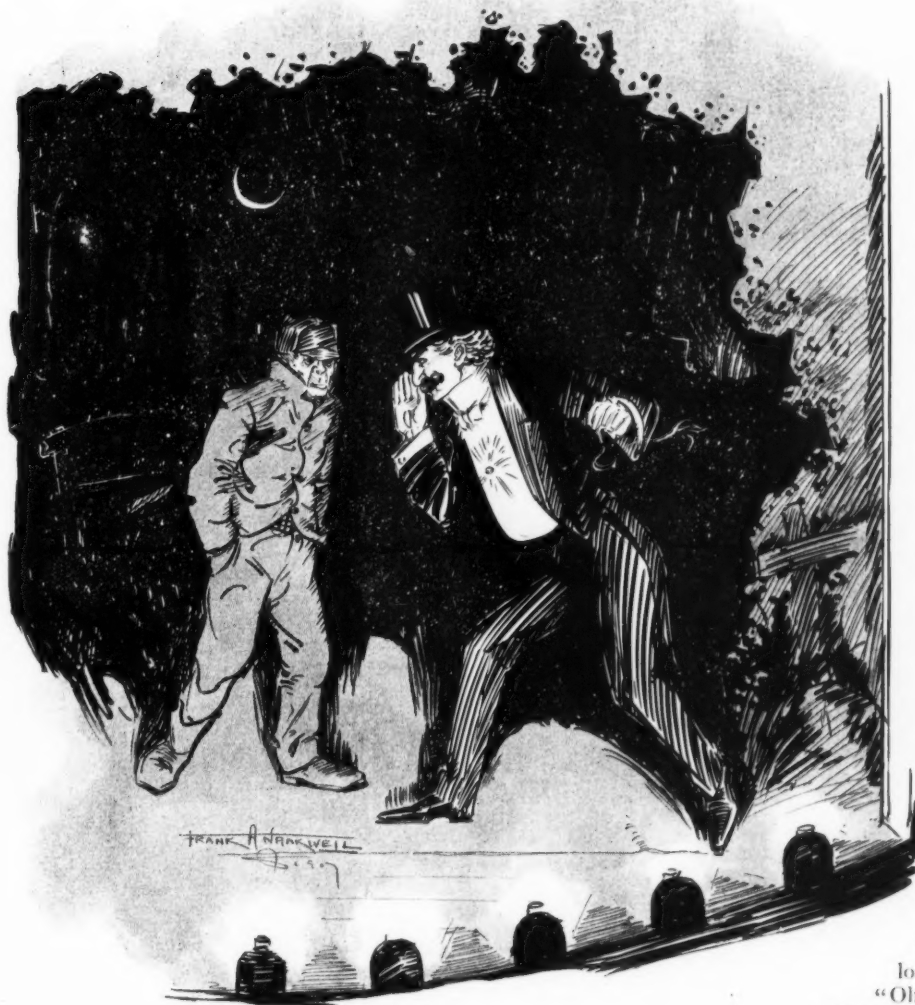
Once we knew one who could do this. He didn't even own a dictionary, but would hike over to the Public Library once a month and put in two hours studying spelling from an unabridged. Then when he got stuck for a word he couldn't spell he would use another



#### THE SUBURBAN "PARK."

MANAGER OF HALCYONHURST HOMESITE COMPANY.—What are we going to do about those trees? The soil is so poor up here that they're all dead, every one of 'em!

OWNER.—Do? Why, man, we'll build a wall around the property, with ornamental gate-posts, and advertise it in the Sunday papers as Sylvan Park!



#### SUBSIDIZED.

"Meet me by the old mill at midnight," whispered the villain hoarsely.

"Which one?" queried the sub-conspirator.

"The one where they make Grandpa's Rolled Wheat It Builds You Up," replied the fiend in human form.

Of course, if we want to get rid of this sort of thing, we will simply have to pay our actors better salaries.

that meant the same thing. He got stuck on elephant one day, wrote it "ellerphant, ellaphunt, elafant and ellaphint," and as none of these forms looked right, he wrote "pachydermatous mammal" and let it go at that.

Weigh your words well. Editors will not consider manuscripts in which the words go shy a couple of ounces to the pound.

Simplicity of style is commendable. The conglomeration of voluminous syllabical phraseology culminates in verbosity which is necessarily undesirable, disintegrating to the principal theme, and tends to make the readers' attention palpitate and throb. Be crisp.

Jack Robinson.

#### THE DIFFERENCE.

"YES, I have heard of him. Owes everybody, gets drunk and goes whooping around the streets. Keeps a worthless cur and has a fondness for telling stories beginning 'Say, have you heard this one? If you have, call me off. Once there was a young married couple . . .'" A worthless loafer, a dead beat, and . . ."

"Oh, no! You are thinking of John E. This is his cousin, John G. Drives his creditors into bankruptcy, runs over people with his imported sixty-horse power automobile, owns a \$3,000 fighting dog, talks so loudly in his box at the opera that he infuriates those who think music was made to be listened to, reads novels in French, and . . ."

"Ah, I see!—strange I should make such a mistake—a well-known man-about-town."

PUCK



"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN."

BUT ONE DEDUCTION.

THE CLERGYMAN.—You should seek work, my friend. You know, Satan finds employment for idle hands.

THE HOBO.—T'anks, kind sir. Many times before I've been advised ter go ter de Devil, but never in sich dipplymatic langwidge.

SLEEP PRODUCERS.

MRS. MEEKER (*at the play*).—I do wish you'd pay more attention to this play, George;—it's as good as a sermon.

MR. MEEKER (*dozing*).—It certainly is, my dear, but the darn orchestra wakes me up between acts.

**A** good bit of love goes to waste before marriage that would help a lot afterward.



# April Arias.

## WHAT'S THE USE?

"The Second Generation" equals the best of the great story tellers of all times.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

**B**ROTHER of the gray goose quill,  
What's the use?  
Why attempt to scale the hill?  
What the deuce!  
Let us quit our futile scrawling,  
And take up some honest calling—  
Peddle fruit or tend a bar,  
Drive a truck or trolley car.  
What's the use?



Isn't that the way you feel  
When you read the imbecile  
Raptures of the book reviewer?  
What has power to make you bluer  
Than the solemn flatulence  
Of the lit'ry "supplements"?  
What the deuce!  
Don't you want to chuck the whole  
Game and go to shoveling coal?  
What's the use?

"Yes," said Mr. Hammerstein, in the course of an informal chat, "Thirty-fourth Street is the street, and the Manhattan Opera House and Macy's are the jewels on the girdle. I have long admired the methods of my contemporary Macy's, and next season I shall adopt some of them. For example, orchestra chairs will be reduced to \$4.98, and admission to \$1.49. Bargain Monday will witness a perfect slaughter in prices, and at various times during the season I shall offer remnant and shop-worn tenors and sopranos at ridiculously low prices. I shall abolish ushers and install in their places a crew of affable floorwalkers, and between the acts pure, Pasteurized milk will be served free. Watch my advertisements," concluded Mr. Hammerstein, "for exceptional values in Wagners and amazing bargains in Verdis and Rossinis."



## EXCUSED.

FOREMAN WATERVILLE HOSE CO. NO. 1.—Hurry up an' come on, Si! Woolsey's barn's aburnin'.  
THE NEWEST VOLUNTEER.—Sorry, Heck, but I can't. Both m' red shirts are in the wash.

Not since the burning of the Alexandrian library has literature suffered such a loss as the destruction of Helicon Hall involved. Under the roof of this temple of Socialism were a number of extensive literature plants, working night and day shifts, which were completely destroyed, and many smaller concerns were also wiped out. Pending rehabilitation, the publication of three new magazines has been deferred.

B. L. T.



## OPENING CHORUS FOR ANY COMIC OPERA OR MUSICAL COMEDY.

(This is what it sounds like, anyway.)

FEMALE VILLAGERS (*daintily*).—Flupthecup um blabumblaa,  
Days the boomtifflop to see;  
Klinkum oompa sabbis are  
MALE VILLAGERS (*positively*).—Baa bulboomber glee!

GUARDS (*recklessly*).—Umpa bumper dumpa drain  
Daddle foemin fightser day;  
Killenkiss in oodle franc  
ALL (*ever so merrily*).—H'r-a-a-a-a-a-y!



THE PUCK PRESS

THE MASSACRE OF





CRE OF THE TREES.

LITERARY MARTYRDOM.



SING the old, unlettered age  
When men might chatter sans distress,  
When freely spoke his thoughts the sage  
And there was no misquoting press.

How fares to-day the learned one?  
To every penny press a prey,  
To-morrow finds his words undone,  
Distorted in the common way.

Sagacious Plato, ne'er forgot,  
To-day were never wit esteemed  
If papers then had "quoted" what  
He little said and less he dreamed.

Would stately Caesar's laurel rest  
Secure through all the years of stress  
Had Caesar's solemn, stern behest  
Been garbled by a Roman press?

The day is gone when men were scourged  
For this or that they boldly spake  
And in its place a day emerged  
When words *not* spoken martyrs make.

The sage to-day must think his thought,  
Must seal his soul, must ne'er express,  
For reputations dearly bought  
Oft vanish in the morning's press.

The vain denial's never read,  
The contradictions cannot sway,  
His doom descending when he "said"  
The awful things he didn't say.

Sidney H. Arons.



AS TO A FEMINE PASSER-BY.

PATER AMERICANUS.—So that was the great Mrs. Rolindust, was it? Let's see; she *married* into society, didn't she?

THE INNOCENT ABROAD.—Oh, Father! No! She *divorced* into it.

FABLE OF THE MAN WHO DIDN'T HURRY.

ONCE THERE was a man who conducted a wholesale grocery house in a city of some 20,000 inhabitants. The word conducted is used in a general sense; what the man did was to hire a lot of competent help so he could sit out in front of the store and watch the cars go past without undue worry.

It was agreed throughout the entire community that John Perkins was the laziest man in town. He did nothing but sit in his chair, smoking and talking the live-long day. The only time he really hurried was when he went to dinner. He would rustle around at a great rate every noon and tell his wife to hasten the meal, so he could get back and loaf the rest of the day.

Yet Perkins was prosperous and folks just couldn't understand it. He did everything easily, and in spite of the fact that he seemed to have no ambition at all, his business flourished and he was able to

sit still and enjoy life thoroughly.

One day the grim reaper came along and took away the mayor of the city. A special election was called for the purpose of electing a successor, and the list of available candidates was gone over carefully.

"What's the matter with nominating George Edson?" was asked by a prominent citizen.

"I'm afraid George couldn't run," responded another. "He is putting in all his spare time inventing an airship, and wouldn't have any time for running the city."

"Why not nominate Ezra Wilson?"

"Oh, he was out riding in his automobile the other day and it blew up with him. He's in the hospital now."

"How about James Johnson?"

"He wouldn't do. He's going over to New York in a couple of weeks to start a new magazine to fight graft."

"Well, what's the matter with Charles Christopher?"

"He couldn't run. He is plumb 'nutty' over some new religion and is getting up a creed of his own."

So the entire list was gone over. Every enterprising man in town was mentioned, and in almost every instance it was found that he was a little bit too enterprising.

In the course of time the name of John Perkins was brought up.

"Oh, he won't do," said a party leader. "He's too lazy."

"Well, he is pretty lazy," said another, "but there's one good thing about John."

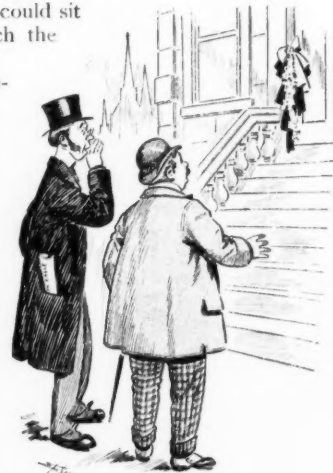
"What's that?"

"He's always there!"

So John Perkins got the nomination and was elected by a heavy vote.

Moral: They also serve who only "sit" and wait.

Robert C. McElravy.



IN BROOKLYN.

PARK SLOPELY.—What! A death in the Remsen family! This is terribly sudden. Who is it?  
LIVINGSTON ADAMS.—Mrs. Remsen's eldest rubber plant died early this morning, before they could get a florist.

THE COMPLETE DIALECT-WRITER.

FARMER or Lumber Jack, Cockney or Jew,  
Micky O'Dowd or Lee Sin,  
In writing their dialect, all you need do  
Is, change every "... ing" into "... in'."

SIMPLICITY, AD INFINITUM.

"DIVORCE?" repeated the man of the future, with a laugh. "Oh, bless me, no. There are no divorces any more. Everybody goes in for the simplified morals, now. Why, if you were to try to get a divorce, you would make yourself almost as ridiculous as if you were to spell tho with a ugh."





THE IRISH-AMERICAN LINE.

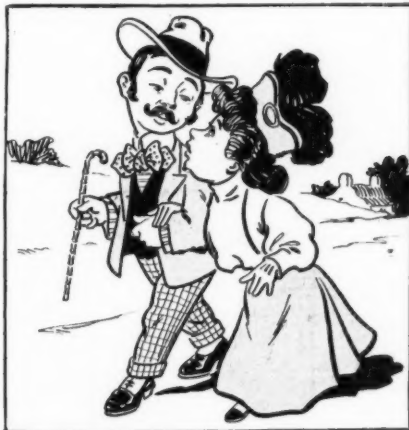
LET THEM COME OVER IN THE STYLE ONE WOULD THINK THEY WERE ACCUSTOMED TO.

IN 1920.

**B**EFORE explaining my budget for this year," said the President of the University pausing in his annual address to the trustees, "I wish to say that there is \$720 for which I am unable to account." He coughed embarrassedly. "However, you will find the rest itemized, and though that single item has escaped me at present the others will, I trust, prove satisfactory.

"Our expenses this year have been slightly larger than usual, owing, I may say, to the persistent demands of the students. For instance during the football season I was in favor of having Spike Hennessy to keep the team in general condition. Spike, as you all doubtless know, is one of the greatest trainers the prize ring has seen in recent years. Among others he turned out Kid Jensen, the present light-weight champion.

JUST MARRIED.



I.

"Darling, am I walking too fast for you? If I am, say so, and I will slow up a bit."

"But the students protested that they wanted the Kid himself or nothing — so in the end I gave in and he was hired. Though I was somewhat disgruntled at the time, I am bound to admit that in the rough game which we played on Thanksgiving Day, more than one hint of the wily Kid's was utilized. At any rate seven of our opponents who walked on to the field were carried off on stretchers and figures speak for themselves.

"As for the regular football coach, Buck Raymond, I am sure his work has spoken for itself and no one begrudges him the \$10,000 paid for his season's instruc-

tion. Critics may say that the trip of the basket-ball team was extended at an unnecessary expense. I can only reply that a great institution of learning must have some advertisement, and we have sought ours in the extended journey of our basket-ball men. They went entirely around the world — played sixty-seven games and lost only to the University of Timbuctoo, where the opposing five, owing to a misunderstanding of the rules, played with war clubs. The boys say they had a fine time and enjoyed every cent of the \$25,000.

"In the printed list before you, you will see itemized each expenditure of the past year: the new gymnasium, the splendidly built indoor-baseball field, the running track, the crew appropriation, the baseball coach.

"This all totals up, as nearly as I can make out, all except that \$720. That I am free to say has escaped me entirely, and puzzle over it as I may it remains unaccounted for."

"May I ask," inquired one of the trustees, "if you have set down any item representing the expenses of the teaching department — aside I mean from the athletic directors?"

The President fairly beamed.

"That's it," he said, "I must have overlooked the point altogether. Salaries of the professors, instructors, etc., and current expenses of the educational department — \$720. Thank you, sir, thank you."

And with a relieved smile on his round red face the president sat down. Horatio Winslow.

AFTER A YEAR.



II.

"Am I walking too fast for you? If I am, you can run a little."

# HUNTER

BALTIMORE

# RYE

**Is Absolutely Pure  
and is Guaranteed  
under The National  
Pure Food Law.**

This confirms its reputation,  
and its great popularity de-  
monstrates that it is the pre-  
ferred whiskey of those who

**KNOW THE BEST  
LIKE THE BEST  
BUY THE BEST**



Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

## ANNUAL OCCURRENCE.

A little sunshine through the land,  
A little tepid rain  
To warm the birds. A cold wave; and  
The fruit crop's failed again!  
—*Washington Star.*

## MENNER'S

BORATED TALCUM  
**TOILET  
POWDER**



**for After Shaving.**

Insist that your barber uses Mennen's  
Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is  
Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the  
many skin diseases often contracted.  
A positive relief for Prickly Heat, Chafing  
and Sunburn, and all affections of the skin. Removes all  
odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold  
everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample Free.  
GERHARD MENNER CO., Newark, N. J.

## LEFT IN DOUBT.

There had been a fatal railroad acci-  
dent and the reporter sought informa-  
tion.

"See here," said the official testily,  
"you fellows must think we have acci-  
dents for your benefit."

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling  
me whose benefit you do have them  
for?" rejoined the reporter.

But even touching this point the  
official was reticent.—*Phila. Ledger.*

## Shine on!

It not only gives a high, glowing, dur-  
able polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keeper's Friend**

Just, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or  
wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug-  
gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George  
William Hoffman, 200 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

# Wilson -

**For guarantee of purity,  
see back label on every bottle;**

**That's All!**

## THE SYMPATHIZER.

"Croaker seems to feel a great sympathy for any one who is ill."

"Huh! His idea of sympathy is to get some poor invalid in a corner and  
tell him how miserable he's looking."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

## HOW HE KNEW IT.

REDD.—That's my machine coming now!

GREENE.—Why, can you tell your machine as far as you can see it?

REDD.—No, not as far as I can see it, but as far as I can smell it. —  
*Yonkers Statesman.*



## ITS CLASS.

THE GUSHING ONE.—Don't you think this hat is a perfect  
poem?

THE CANDID ONE.—Not exactly; if you want my judgment,  
I should say it was magazine verse.

An ounce of sherry and a tablespoonful of  
Abbott's Bitters before meals is a wonderful  
appetizer.

## JUST AS IT WAS.

The feeble poet took his pen and wrote a verse or so,  
He'd not attempted writing since his health failed years ago;  
He used the utmost care to see all words were written plain,  
And, just to have the meter right, he wrote it all again;  
Then to the editor it went. 'Twas taken eagerly;  
The poet settled back content and waited just to see  
If work of his would look in print as once it used to look;  
At last the paper left the press, but just one glance he took;  
The same old word was there misspelled, as in the years gone by.  
The same old line was out of place, the same old commas shy;  
The poet cast the paper down and tore his locks of gray,  
Then used the same old cuss words till he dropped and passed away.  
—*Denver Post.*

## A LABOR PROBLEM.

"With the many labor-saving devices this ought to be an age of luxury."

"The labor-saving devices are here all right. But you've got to work your-  
self to death to get money to buy one of 'em."—*Washington Star.*

THERE are two ways of working a gold mine. One is to try to get gold out  
of it. The other is to get money out of credulous investors.—*Somerville Journal.*

WHENEVER Henry P. Willetts of Routt county sneezes it sounds like  
"Hurrah for Bryan!" It worries Willetts considerably. He's a Republican.  
—*Denver Post.*

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"Friends so near my bosom ever,  
Ye have rendered moments dear;  
But, alas! when forced to sever,  
Then the stroke, oh, how severe!"

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treat the revolver as roughly or carelessly as you please—it can't go off until you intend it should—if it's an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver. The firing-pin can't possibly transmit concussion—until you pull the trigger clear back. That's what makes it safe. Here's why it makes you safe: The

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#### SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

MRS. DOSEM.—Now, Willy, don't git rambunkshus! Your Paw give this medicine t' old Dobbin and the yearling bull yestidy an' they never made no fuss whatever!

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.

#### EXCULPATED.

"Little boy," said the good woman, "do you always tell the truth?"

"No'm."

"Don't you know it's very, very naughty to lie?"

"Yes'm."

"Then why do you do it?"

"I don't. Sometimes I'm too busy to talk."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

#### ROBBED!

BILL.—Did a girl ever stick you with a hat-pin?

JILL.—Yes, a girl stuck me with one at the Church fair, the other night.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE joke of it is that when a young man tells a young woman that he would die for her, he occasionally thinks he means it.—*Somerv. Journal*.

#### HOOPS AND MARBLES.

Hoops and marbles almost here! Spring is really drawing near.

Rivers bursting in a flood,  
Sidewalks ankle-deep with mud,  
Soggy grass, all wet and brown,  
Frequent showers pouring down,  
Bursting buds upon the trees,  
Shivers in the chill March breeze,  
Smoke of bonfires here and there,  
Melting snow-heaps everywhere,  
Lively twittering of the birds,  
Cheerful music without words,  
Skies of blue, then skies of gray,  
Changing in the queerest way,  
Tired feelings that suggest  
Fishing trips to take a rest,  
Robins warbling now and then,  
Joy on earth, good will to men,  
Hoops and marbles soon,—to wit,  
When the mud dries up a bit —

Now the poets all should sing  
Joyous welcome to the spring!

—*Somerville Journal*.

#### LIVING ON WHEELS.

BACON.—Here's an account of a man who lives on wheels.

EGBERT.—Oh, an insanity expert, probably!—*Yonkers Statesman*.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

#### TILLMAN'S TRANCE.

The Senate is a quiet place  
When Tillman sleeps,

Where Peace, triumphant for a space,  
Its vigil keeps.

But there will come another day,  
When he'll awake;

And thinking of the things he'll say  
Gives us an ache.—*Phila. Ledger*.

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At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bâtier & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

### HIS RECORD.

"He's a great growler, isn't he?"  
"Hurricane is nothin' to him."  
"Finds fault with everything?"  
"Worst you ever saw!"  
"By the by,—what is he doing now?"  
"Editing the 'Band of Hope' and 'Sunshine' department of a new magazine!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

### A "TIP."

The man who confidentially  
Informs us how to garner pelf  
Gives out the "tips," my son, that he  
Is not inclined to use himself.  
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

TOM LAWSON describes himself as  
"a plain stoker, who shovels in coal  
and draws out ashes." But the ashes  
he draws out can be placed on deposit  
in any bank in the country. — *Washington Post*.

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**WASHBURNE**  
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**FASTENERS**  
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**BULL-DOG GRIP**  
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Bachelor Buttons - 10c  
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postpaid. Catalog free.  
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Dept. 50, Waterbury, Conn.

### PA'S HOUSECLEANIN'.

When the April sun's a-shinin' hot an' things  
is nice an' fresh,  
When the willers' droppin' tossels an' the  
blackbird's in the bresh,  
An' pa comes in fer noonin' an' the floors is  
wet as souse,  
Then it's "Laws-a-massy on us! Your ma's  
a-cleanin' house!"

Then me an' Jim is sure to find rag carpets  
in the sun  
When we'd planned to go a-fishing fer the  
suckers in the run;  
But while pa takes his noonin' an' the hosses  
eats their snacks,  
Us boys can beat them carpets while we're  
restin' up our backs.

An' then next day pa's certain sure to have  
to go to town;  
But he always leaves us orders, "Help to  
put them carpets down."  
An' at night, when he gets home again, you'd  
think, to hear him groan  
About the hardship of it, that he'd done the  
job alone.

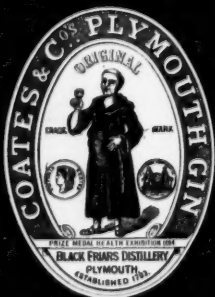
Poor ma! She has it awful hard, she'll  
work until she drops,  
An' pound her thumb nails half way off, an'  
wet her feet with slops;  
She'll get so hoarse that she can't speak, 'an  
sore at every bone;  
But pa, he says if it was him he'd let the  
house alone.

An' when that night the kids is sick an' has  
to have a drink,  
An' ma she can't get up because her back's  
in such a kink,  
If pa should bang the furniture whilst  
gropin' fer the cup,  
You can feel him gettin' mad enough to  
fairly eat her up.

So me an' Jim was sayin', if the time should  
ever come  
When pa and ma should change their work  
an' pa should stay to hum,  
I wouldn't like to be a boy, but jest a little  
mouse  
To hear what things pa would say if he was  
cleanin' house.

—*Woman's Home Companion*.

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### WORD FROM BR'ER WILLIAMS.

Satan wuz a angel,  
But he had to raise a row;  
He couldn't stand prosperity,  
En look!—Whar is he now?  
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

Too many crooks spoil the graft.—  
*Princeton Tiger*.

THE man who throws himself down  
on his face and weeps because his life  
has been a failure would be wiser to  
get up on his feet and go to work to  
make it a success.—*Somerv. Journal*.

TRADE MARK  
**LUCKY STRIKE**  
RICH'DVA.  
Fragrant and Delicious  
Does not Bite the Tongue

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shrewd judges of tobacco.  
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delicious smoke.

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**COOK'S**  
Imperial  
EXTRA DRY  
CHAMPAGNE

Is made  
from the  
pure juices  
of grapes,  
naturally  
fermented.



### IMPOSITION.

MR. MECKER.—Mary, we—er—would like dinner a little  
early to-night. Mrs. Mecker is going out.  
MARY.—Now, yez can't impose on me. That meks twice  
in wan wake. Choosday is your woife's night out.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Invaluable in the Home and Office.

### CLEARLY ESTABLISHED.

"Will you," asked the prosecuting attorney, "kindly explain to the jury why  
you think this defendant insane?"

"Well," replied the expert witness, "he built a house not long ago, and  
really thought it wasn't going to cost any more than the architect and contractor  
told him it would."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

### HIS CALCULATION.

"I see the California prune crop in 1906 was 185,000,000 pounds, against  
62,500,000 pounds in 1905," remarked the fat boarder.

"Well," replied the thin one across the table, "those figures would seem to  
indicate that we will be served with prunes three times as often this year as  
last!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.

BLOX.—There's great joy in our family.

FRIEND.—What happened?

BLOX.—My wife's pet puppy has cut his two first teeth.—*Detroit Free Press*.



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With sunshine in yer soul,  
In winter—"Shut that crazy door  
An' bring in tons of coal!"

So hard to satisfy you!—  
In heavenly pastures sunny  
You'd say: "Them harps ain't playin'  
right:  
Less comb, please, an' more honey!"  
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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as Good a Glass of **CHOCOLATE SODA**  
**HOT or COLD**  
as at the fountains of our  
**35 RETAIL STORES**  
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WHY NOT ENJOY IT IN YOUR OWN HOME  
BY ORDERING A CAN OF  
**Hayler's**  
**BREAKFAST COCOA**  
AT OUR  
Stores, Sales Agents or from your Grocer.



CONSIDERATE.

CHOLLY (enthusiastically).—She is forever smiling upon me!  
SHE.—Awfully polite girl! Everyone else laughs outright.



THE  
LATHER OF

**Williams' Shaving Soap**

HOW IT DIFFERS FROM ALL OTHERS

- First:** In body. It is thick and close and profuse.  
**Second:** Lasting qualities. It holds its moisture and remains on the face, thick and creamy without the drying and smarting effects of other kinds.  
**Third:** Its effect in softening the beard and soothing the face.  
**Fourth:** Unlike the lather of other soaps, it always leaves the face cool, comfortable and refreshed.

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Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.  
Ask your druggist for Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Williams' Talcum Powder and Toilet Waters.

Just like a labor union, an old clock gives a little warning before it strikes.  
—*Somerville Journal.*

If the Porto Ricans learned nothing more during Speaker Cannon's visit, they at least learned at which angle to carry the cigars in their faces.—*Washington Post.*

If the Government chemist really has found a way to make whiskey out of sawdust, no doubt we may look for some pretty active merging of distilleries and sawmills.—*Indianapolis News.*

When the American heiress marries a titled foreigner, she can usually count on getting big headlines in the papers twice—first when she is married, and then when she is divorced.—*Somerville Journal.*

RICHARD MANSFIELD never finds it necessary to lose a hatful of diamonds in order to get notices next to pure reading matter. He swats the leading lady or one of the stage hands, and his press agent does the rest.—*Washington Post.*

MRS. NURICH (proudly).—That clock on the stairs is more than two hundred years old.

MRS. BLUEBLOOD CUTTING.—Ah, of whom did you buy it?—*Detroit Free Press.*

### HER SCHEME.

MRS. LAWSON.—How can Mrs. Wykesleigh afford to keep three servants?

MRS. DAWSON.—Oh, she plays bridge with them every Monday afternoon and wins back all their wages.—*Somerville Journal.*

**GENTLEMEN**  
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE  
NEATNESS, AND COMFORT  
WEAR THE IMPROVED

**BOSTON GARTER**

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD  
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